



A NEW SONG,
CALLED,

Peggy Lanthorn's VISION.

“VICAR AND MOSES.”

PEGGY LANTHORN one Night,
Had a most pleasant Sight,—
The DEVIL unto him appear'd,
With a Brick in one Hand,
Made from *Common-Right Land*,
And his Face was with Mortar besmear'd.

Says the DEVIL, Old PEG,
Hear my Tale, I now beg,
And thy Friend I'll assuredly be:
When thy Barn was beat down,
On the Mob I did frown,
For in Truth they were no Friends to me.

But keep true, as you are,
You have Nothing to fear,
Build a House on the *Common-Waste Land*;
If one Party abuse,
And do us ill use,
CAUNT shall take our black Cause into Hand.

There is Scavenger JACK,
Will us likewise back—
The best Friend I have in my Book—
He accepted that Place,
Which he found a Disgrace,
And reluctant his Beefom forsook.

He, Old SAWNEY's true Son,
Sire, smiles on what's done,
Says my Favours they all shall partake;
Cut but GREEN's Party down,
We will build a new Town
And the People their *Rights* must forsake.

Build your own Houses large,
Take no Heed of the Charge,
Some Huts we'll soon have for the Poor;
Then with Actions quite mean,
And Discourses obscene,
We'll cover the *once free Fields* o'er.

PEG, as thou art a Man,
Ne'er recede from my Plan,
And I swear by *Eurydice's* Charms,
I've more Pleasure in thee,
Than I e'er had in she,
When I forc'd her from *Orpheus's* Arms.

Now, my Friend, a good Night—
CAUNT in Council, you're right,
Imperious, haughty, and proud,
Will well suit our End,
And like a staunch Friend,
In the HALL will be forward and loud.

But should BUXTON succeed,
Our Cause it must bleed—
Not a more upright Man can be found—
He our Scheme doth detest,
So I pray do your best,
Or your House, PEG, must come to the Ground